# THE LIBERATOR.

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## THE LIBERATOR.

[For the Liberator.]

### THE FIREBRAND.—NUMBER II.

BY AN INCENDIARY FANATIC.

There is no one characteristic of American slavery so appalling and accursed as the christian name and garb, in which, through the deceitfulness of sin, and the craftiness of Satan, man-stealing of the worst and most abhorrent species has so long been honored. We contend, that the kidnapping in Africa, which, by the law of United States, is pronounced to be piracy, is neither so criminal nor so unnatural as holding a slave in this republic. The African is a stranger, with no other claim than that of our common humanity, and having no language by which he could make his feelings known;—and being landed on the wharf at Charleston and Savannah, in a state of nudity and the agony of despair, there seemed to be something like commiseration mingled with the avarice which transferred the wretched men and women to a plantation, even to toil with stripes and be half famished upon unwholesome or putrid food. But the native colored person is a free born citizen, speaking the same language, and in scores of thousands of instances, the kidnapper's own offspring, begotten expressly to increase property and to add to the living human '*machinery of the South.*' This is the style used by the Cherokee oppressors in the Congress of the United States. Native born citizens are deliberately introduced as topics of public debate, under the name of machinery! and an idiot he is for remaining a machine to be set in motion and driven by such atheistical reprobate judges, 'who neither fear God nor regard man.' That zoological machinery will be stopped ere long, and the vile machine makers will be forced to work or starve—''tis a consummation devoutly to be wished!'

We hold it to be a self-evident truth, that every slave in the United States has been kidnapped, and through more atrocious iniquity than the generations past, or than those by their kindred transgressors in the West Indies and South America; and hence, we infer that every idea of a slaveholder being a christian is a gross fallacy. A forger of bank notes, a stealer of dollars, and a horse thief, can show a better title to be considered a disciple of Christ than a slave-driver, by just the difference between an immortal soul and the worth of the forged paper, the weight of silver, or the value of the animal.

If the inquiry is propounded—upon what principle it is that men-stealers, the most guilty of all robbers, should be sanctioned as christian preachers, and acknowledged as 'partakers of the holy and heavenly calling,'—the answer is this: they are called christians by courtesy; but they will neither be admitted into heaven, nor be ransomed from hell by courtesy; and if they had their deserts, every one of them should be branded, as they brand their colored people, with their rightful title on their foreheads,—'MAN-STEALER.' When one of this class stood up in the pulpit, we should then instantly comprehend the preeminent privilege of hearing the gospel of liberty, justice, mercy and peace, from such a marvelously consistent expositor. Probably you are ready to say, that you would not listen to a sermon preached by a man so labelled; but what difference truly does it make, whether the man carries the external brand or not, when he is the guilty actor? We will suppose two cases in point, and we appeal to your christian conscientious sensibilities, whether such slavite proceedings would long be tolerated in Boston, New-York, or Philadelphia?

A preacher of the gospel orders a colored young woman, whom he employs as a domestic servant, on the Lord's day morning, before she has breakfasted, up to the garret of his house, there ties her by the wrists with a rope to the rafters of the roof, so that her feet can just support partially her body. He then strips the girl of her clothing, or uncovers her, and whips her with a cowskin or some other scourge until he is pacified. The preacher then eats his breakfast, and at the usual hour proceeds to his place of worship, having the young woman tied up, with threats of severe punishment to any person who shall release her, or afford her the smallest comfort. He preaches his sermon, and if it be the season, celebrates the communion of redeeming mercy and christian love; returns to his habitation, finds his half-murdered victim exhausted, faint, and begrimed with blood; repeats his lashes, sprinkles on the girl's lacerated body a mixture of salt, pepper, vinegar and water; leaves her suspended until dark, and then commands her to her bed without any refreshment. The Monday morn returns, and she must resume her labors, without daring to complain, and with no mode of redress!—Should such a fact occur north of the Pennsylvania line, what would our citizens say? Would you hear that man preach? Would you call him a doctor of Divinity? Would you patiently tolerate persons who justified that mode of spending the Lord's day?—Would you believe that a man who thus lacerated his servant girl, and that men 'who hold those not guilty that thus slay the flock of slaughter,' are followers of Jesus the Prince of Liberators, and Paul the example of Emancipators, and John the pattern of Christian affection?

You probably retort; no preacher, in Massachusetts, New-York or Pennsylvania, ever manifested this great wickedness. We believe the same; but there are some most unaccountable falsifiers in the world, if this is not a true picture of slavery within 500 miles of the Capitol at Washington.

What opinion would the female members of our churches in New-England form of a '*lady,*' so called by courtesy, who keeps a post in the rear yard of the house, to which she ties her servant girl on the Lord's day morning, and severely whips her; tortures her with salt and vinegar applied to her sores, leaves her tied, half naked, and exposed to the flies in a boiling summer's sun; walks to church, engages in divine worship as demurely, to all appearance, as a legendary saint; returns home, and either with or without a second scourging, releases her tormented victim. This christian lady, so called, also boasts, that she is the best girl whipper in all the city; and when asked, 'why do you whip your servant girls upon the Lord's day morning?' she answers, 'I do it to save time. If I whipped them on Monday, their backs would be sore; so I whip them on the Sunday, and they get well enough for them to go to work again on Monday.' We honestly confess, that we do not know one christian female in all New-England, who ever thus whipped her female domestics; but some of the people who have travelled south of the Potomac are most unconscionably filled with all mendacity, if the women who are members of the nominal christian churches there, do not enact this tragic sabbath-breaking scene.

We do not say, that every preacher and all the members of the various ecclesiastical bodies have ascended so high on the perilous ladder of wicked inconsistency; but every slaveholder is emphatically included in the dread scriptural indictment—'They are altogether gone out of the way; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Their feet are swift to shed blood. There is no fear of God before their eyes. Will a man rob God?—Yet ye have robbed me.' They are all, without one exception, men-stealers; and, therefore, it is a rank imposition upon the world, both in the churches and in the people, to receive and acknowledge slaveholders as true christians.

It is of no avail to palliate sin, and any longer to cloak our iniquity. A slaveholder's profession of christianity is a palpable imposture. He is a felon of the highest grade.—He is a man-stealer. It is of no importance what you put in the other scale. Peradventure he may be a faithful husband and a kind father, and an upright citizen among white people, and like many of the slaveholders, be hospitable and apparently generous; but, notwithstanding, *he is the greatest of all thieves.* Every thing he owns has been obtained by robbery. Every donation which he bestows has been feloniously squeezed out of the sweat, toil and blood of the slave. Every blessing which he anticipates must flow from the torture and labor of his kidnapped dependent. Consequently, to talk of christian integrity and philanthropy as appertaining to a slave-driver, is just as wise as to look for a steam-boat in a snail's shell. The strange perversion of language which marks the colloquial and even the didactic phraseology of slave-drivers and their condjutors, is not one of the least offensive parts of the system.—They are justly exposed to the curse pronounced by the prophet. Isaiah 5: 20. 'Wo unto them that call evil good and good evil; that put darkness for light and light for darkness; that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter!' If this is not the exact character of all slavites, then there is no truth in creation.

The men who are described by God as men-stealers are called masters. Human creatures, debased beneath cattle, and constantly robbed and tortured, are called servants; and the nominal churches of Christ desecrate his holy name and apostolical commands, expressly to sanctify the most atrocious crimes. For instance, the Presbyterian Church for 30 years published to all the world, that man-stealing is the highest kind of theft, and that all who buy, sell, or keep slaves are men-stealers; and yet scarcely a preacher or member in their church, from Pennsylvania to the gulf of Mexico, can be found, who is not either a man-stealer or a stolen man! The Methodists in their discipline declare, that no man ever had a sincere desire to flee from the wrath to come, who in any way traffics or enslaves men, women and children; and yet probably one half of all their members are slave drivers, while some of them attempt to justify manstealing by the Scriptures, and many of them are among the most hardened and cruel taskmasters in the house of bondage. There is not, in all the annals of mankind, an instance of more insulting turpitude, than the records of those two churches for the last fifty years nearly, in reference to slavery, have exemplified. It equals Jesuitism in shameless corruption, and almost transcends it in hypocritical effrontery.

ONESIMUS.

[For the Liberator.]

### AFRICAN COLONIZATION.

It is one of the most painful considerations attached to all the efforts to do good, that as soon as any measure is brought to the test of equity and religion, its partisans instantly calumniate those who are willing that deceitfulness shall pass the ordeal of truth. No more evidence is necessary, that the true object of the American Colonization Society is rotten to the very core, than the facts that the Agents of that Society are unwilling that its principles and acts should be duly tested; that the principal persons concerned in it are hardened slave drivers; and that the supporters of the *fraudulent* scheme revile every man who is opposed to a contrivance which increases the fetters and strengthens the chains of our enslaved fellow citizens.

The influence of the New-England Anti-Slavery Society in exposing the deceptions of the agents of the slaveholders, has drawn out a systematic course of operations against the Abolitionists; and they are determined, if possible, to silence us by their insolence and imposing high names. But we shall neither be intimidated by blustering slave drivers, nor be imposed on by dignified sinners. That all slaveholders are man stealers, and in a moral and religious view, to be accounted only as the most atrocious felons, is a fact which admits of no denial; and the higher their rank, and the more dignified their stations, the more criminal is their transgression—and the more mischievous their example. All this by the Colonization agents and partisans is totally forgotten. They make a vociferous palaver concerning their unasked for benevolence; and thus endeavor to obscure the true question from being even noticed.

The Abolitionists have no objection to the principle, nor the practice of colonization; our opposition is to its present plan, and under existing circumstances. Emancipate the slaves; educate them; qualify them to fill all the offices and to execute all the duties of civilized society; thus pay them part of the debt we owe; and then if they are willing to migrate to Africa, they shall go, and the blessing of them who are ready to perish will rest upon us.

That the slavites are resolved, if possible, to browbeat us out of our consciences and love of liberty and the rights of man, is evident from the fact, that an agent at great expense is now stationed permanently in Boston, by cant and misrepresentation to befool the citizens who have never seen slavery in its actual operation; and to wheedle them, under the pretence of philanthropy, out of their money; and that another agent is also to be fixed in New-York for the same purpose, and by the same means to cajole the people of that city. Honest men are called upon to defend themselves against their calumniators, who denounce us as having 'more blood than brains.' This is Mr. Danforth's account of the Emancipators. Another of the human flesh transporting craftsmen reproaches grave and erudite ministers of the gospel as fanatics and incendiaries—and all of them refuse to meet the Abolitionists. They can swagger, bully and falsify, as Mr. Danforth has done; or they can wriggle, and mystify, and twist, and turn, and go round about it, like Mr. Finley—but no man will meet the fundamental point; that the primary duty is to do justice, and then we shall be willing to behold this love of mercy.

Report states as undeniable, that two new publications, one in Boston and the other in New-York are about to appear in defence of Colonization. This is the very thing for us Abolitionists. We will make them tell truth, or we will expose their equivocations. We will teach them to desist from affirming one thing in Boston, and the contrary at Richmond; or else the public shall know their double dealing and chicanery.

What the scheme of African Colonization might become, if carried on upon evangelical principles, is not the inquiry; our examination refers to it as it is at present arranged and executed; and we maintain, that it is a *mischievous contrivance to obtain money upon fraudulent pretexts.* Consider only two or three of its avowed and openly discarded designs.

1. It expressly and officially disclaims all reference to the extermination of slavery. But the transportation of the free people of color to Africa would render the future abolition of American kidnapping more improbable and distant.

2. It authoritatively maintains the atrocious sentiment, that slaves are property. It is a gross insult to reason and religion, to avow such a theory; and it brands with utter condemnation every institution which either directly or covertly inculcates this 'wild and guilty fantasy,' or acts in conformity to this strong delusion. It is upon this infallible truth, that we condemn the whole code of slaveholding municipal legislation, which sanctions the detention and traffic of human beings as marketable cattle; and we aver that every law, concerning slavery in the United States includes the climax of villany. According to the divine declaration, that one man cannot be the property of another, we also affirm, that the whole ecclesiastical system which admits that slave drivers, slave torturers, and men stealers are qualified preachers of the gospel and consistent Christians, is a damnable imposture, not less impious and dishonorable to God, than cruel, debasing and destructive to the souls of men. And according to the same certain verities, we maintain, that the Colonization Society, which recognizes the despotic and barbarous opinion, that human creatures are transferable possessions, and which directs all its measures according to this corruption, is a loathsome excrescence both in its connection with political society and with the Christian church. It is a ravening wolf in sheep's clothing; and no better than Satan transformed into an angel of light.

Many other particulars might be stated. These shall suffice for the present occasion. However, one remark is too impressive to be omitted. *There is not a benevolent citizen in the Northern States who has hitherto supported the American Colonization Society, who ever pretends to advance a single argument in its favor derived from the laws of morality, or the claims of religion.* All this cozening is founded upon the miserable pretext of time-serving expediency, or barefaced deception; which only show the astounding gullibility of those who can be imposed on by such bunglers in the art of political legerdemain!

PAUL.

[For the Liberator.]

### RIGHTS OF THE COLORED PEOPLE.

MR EDITOR—I lately had a conversation with a gentleman upon the 'inalienable rights of man,' in which I contended that justice required that the intelligent and enlightened negro should be admitted to the same high privileges which the whites enjoy. He said he had no prejudices against color, he said;—but still he could not rationally account for his antipathy to the colored race. Like all who contend that the colored people should not enjoy the privileges of freemen, he talked most unintelligible nonsense. After some minutes conversation, in which I attempted to draw out his objections, but in vain,—I requested him to tell me, explicitly, his reason why the blacks should not enjoy the same privileges as the whites. 'Because,' said he hesitatingly—'because—because they ought not!' In that one short sentence he said what some will be hours in saying; but all inevitably come to the same conclusion—all again the same reason—'they ought not.' Ask them to tell you *why* they ought not—and some will give the old woman's answer in one word—''*cause*'—others will take a more circuitous route, and bore you with a long, unintelligible speech; but they eventually come out at the same point—''*cause.*'

The truth of it is, the enemies of universal justice are pushed for arguments, and they continue to meet you with the same worn-out arguments which have been confuted a thousand times, and when repeatedly driven from them, they return and cling to them, as 'the dog returns to his vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing in the mire.' From my very soul I do despise these ''*cause*' men. They are in the way of every benevolent project. They never think for themselves—but pin their faith entirely upon their neighbor's

sleeves. If they would read and reflect, they would be ashamed of their wicked opposition to the friends of humanity—they would blush for their senseless, shameless arguments; and, to make atonement for their past sins, would engage heartily in the glorious cause of universal emancipation. PHILO.

[From the Genius of Temperance.]

HUDSON, Ohio, March 21, 1833.

## THE CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR'S DEFENCE OF 'SLAVERY AND COLONIZATION,' AGAINST ABOLITION PAMPHLETS.

[BY ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.]

No fact, in the history of the passing age, is more deeply impressed upon the public consciousness, than that William Lloyd Garrison has come down upon the christian community like a thunderbolt. His 'Thoughts on African Colonization' has probably created more *sensation* than any other pamphlet, except one, 'ponderous' or light, which has issued from the modern press. To say nothing of its secret influence, it has brought many of the best friends of the Colonization Society to avow a *suspense of judgment* in regard to the merits of a scheme which they had patronized without misgiving for fifteen years; and it has raised up against it some uncompromising and by no means contemptible enemies—and all this in spite of a prejudice against its author, as wide spread as it was unfounded. In this state of facts, all parties have looked around with intense interest, for a *thorough review* of Mr. Garrison's work, and, with good reason, to no quarter more than to the *Christian Spectator.* But for many a long month they have looked in vain—till now, in the very exit of 'the eleventh hour,' after stubborn facts have stamped the seal of truth upon the most fatal 'counts in the dreadful indictment,' that able Quarterly comes out with 'a few critical remarks' spread over 24 pages, twelve of which are devoted to Mr. Garrison, 'tending to show the character of his performance, and the danger of resting with implicit confidence on his representations of even plain matters.' This article is headed with the titles of three pamphlets. 1. '*Thoughts on African Colonization*, BY WM. L. GARRISON.' 2. '*A Letter to* THOMAS CLARKSON, BY JAMES CROPPER, *and Prejudice Vincible*, BY CHARLES STUART.' 3. *The American Quarterly Review—Article on the Abolition of Negro Slavery.*' The two former are the advocates of immediate emancipation. The latter is the avowed defender of slavery, and seems to have been introduced to place the Colonization Society in the position of which it is so fond—'the golden mean' between *right* and *wrong*—or, in regard to time, the *half*way from NOW to NEVER.

The reviewer will be readily identified by the intelligent readers of the Christian Spectator, as a writer to whom the Colonization Society is specially indebted for its popularity at the North; who, with the characteristic ardor of youthful genius, espoused its cause, while the remembrance of the ill-omened Missouri question rendered it a more *delicate* task to apologize for slavery than it is now, and who has, on various occasions since, advocated the Society's plans with equal zeal, ability, and applause. In the present instance, he must have been urged by at least *three* motives to put forth his mightiest effort. 1. The colonization scheme, *as a remedy for slavery*, is now entering its last struggles, if it is not in the very act of dying. Something must be done soon or never. 2. His own reputation was at stake. On this field he had won his principal laurels—had gathered the golden sheaves of his immortality.* 3. The character of the CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR was committed. It would be a pity indeed, if so grave a Quarterly should have to succumb to an upstart whom it had taken special pains to hold up to public contempt.† Hence we have no reason to expect a more successful vindication of the Society against the serious charges of Mr. Garrison and others, than that which is furnished in this article.

After ascribing to the author 'vehemence and abusiveness of manner, 'unusual self-respect,' (a sin, as the '*considerate*' reader will perceive, against which the reviewer, in this article, is fortified by the utter absence of temptation) and 'an imposing show of what the uninformed and inconsiderate reader would regard as testimony,' the reviewer proceeds to draw out his *ten charges* against the American Colonization Society. His first inquiry is, against whom these charges are preferred, for from the writer's 'STYLE AND LANGUAGE' he very justly concludes that great criminality is imputed to somebody. 'Whom does the accuser mean by the American Colonization Society?' Does he mean 'the managers and executive officers,' the voters at the 'annual meetings,' or 'the great body of the friends and supporters of the African Colony?' 'We are constrained,' says the reviewer, 'to adopt the latter construction.' And well he might be, for when a Society is charged with false principles and injurious practical tendencies, who else can be meant than all those who hold those principles and abet that practice? When free masonry is attacked, who else are meant than 'free and accepted masons,' or the friends and supporters of the system? But the matter is too plain for a child to mistake. The reason why the reviewer fell into this mighty doubt is this, he is endeavoring to set up a distinction between colonizationists and the Colonization Society, by virtue of which he may bring off the Society clear from the charges. He would have us understand that the 'opinions and principles' of the 'great body of the friends and supporters' of the Society, have nothing to do with the question whether the Society is to be supported or not. It is true that at first the distinction seems to be drawn between the opinions of the supporters, and the *enterprise* supported: but a little onward the reviewer says, 'the American Colonization Society has nothing to do with any man's opinions.' And again, on the fifth page, 'If the reader would see how completely the style (!) of argument in this book, confounds the Society, with every *member* of the Society, and with every friend and fellow-worker in the enterprise, let him read [echo answers, *let him read!*] the argument and citations under the first section.' Here the reviewer evidently confounds the *Society* with the *enterprize*, for what fellow-workers are there who are not members of the Society? The effort plainly is to make the Society irresponsible for what is said or done by its members, *even when approved by the Society.* On the third page, the reviewer says, 'It is no more a Society for propagating particular doctrines respecting slavery, or respecting the capabilities, rights and injuries of the people of color, than the bank of the United States is a Society for propagating particular doctrines respecting currency. Like the Bible Society, it asks no man what he believes, it sets forth no confession of faith to be subscribed by its friends. Like the Bible Society, it holds up the single definite work which it proposes to perform, and asks for nothing but co-operation.' But what if the Bank of the United States, instead of performing *in silence* the business enjoined upon it in its charter, should publish, from year to year and from month to month, speculations in regard to currency? What if it should, under the authority of its directors, advocate, in published documents, a baseless paper currency, or undertake to persuade the people that it is impolitic to pay the national debt? Would not its charter be withdrawn? Would not the weighty seal of public reprobation be stamped upon *such* a Bank? What if the Bible Society, along with the Word of God, should send forth, under the names of its managers, its own monthly denials of that blessed book? Would not *such* a Society be chargeable with the grossest sacrilege? Would not the friends of the Bible withdraw from it? Could any man subscribe to it without subscribing to downright infidelity?

Now 'admitting for the present,' as the reviewer says, 'the perfect fairness of the quotations in his [Mr. G's] book,' the Colonization Society does propagate, in its published documents, particular 'doctrines respecting slavery,' as well as 'respecting the capabilities, rights and injuries of the people of color.' And, whatever these doctrines may be, the public, with manifest justice, holds the officers, members, friends and supporters of the Society responsible for them. Whom can it hold responsible? Not the Secretary alone; he will throw off the responsibility upon the managers. Not the managers alone; they will rest themselves upon the members who voted the acceptance of their report and approved their measures. Not the voters by themselves; they will shift the burden off upon the public sentiment in strict accordance with which they acted. And by whom is the public sentiment, on which the American Colonization Society rests, formed, but by the 'friends and supporters of the African Colony?' Now I ask, in the name of plain honesty, how can any man become a 'fellow-worker' with this Society, whatever may be his sentiments, without assuming his share of responsibility for the published sentiments of the Society? Is it a less substantial approval to pay money than to hold up the right hand? Does holding up the right hand in favor of men for a station, who are known to have uttered certain sentiments in that station, imply no responsibility for the utterance of such sentiments? Let the reviewer answer as he pleases, either the 'fellow-workers' in the African scheme are responsible for the published sentiments of the Society, or they are not responsible for their own acts. Allow me to ask a homely question or two in illustration. If a miller adds to his honest occupation that of distilling alcohol from his grain, is the man blameless who patronizes his mill by carrying his grist thither? Is the traveller guiltless who knowingly patronizes a hotel which contains a gambling house or a brothel? In these cases the miller and the host are obviously guilty, and in the judgment of common sense their patrons are very little better. In a world of such complicated iniquity as this, shifting off the responsibility of wrong deeds, and tossing guilt to and fro like a shuttlecock, is an artifice as common as it is unavailing. On such grounds, I conclude that the Society, in the persons of all its 'friends and supporters,' is responsible for *all* which, as a Society, it has done and said, and among the rest for *its own published documents*, whether they contain sentiments uttered by Northern divines or Southern slaveholders, by John Randolph of Roanoke, or the Autocrat of all the Russias; nor is it the less responsible because publishing such sentiments is not *its appropriate business.*

*See Quarterly Chris. Spec. Vol. II. page 481.
†See Quarterly Chris. Spec. Vol. IV. page 313.

[From the Fall River Recorder.]

## COLONIZATIONISM.

Colonization seems to be the order of the day, and the sentiment has become generally prevalent, that the best method of improving the condition of a community, is to ship off, to a foreign coast, all such as are obnoxious on account of their vices, their ignorance, or their complexion. In accordance with this principle, the American Colonization Society was organized about seventeen years ago; but the existence of that institution has become greatly endangered, by the discordance of the principles and designs of its members; some of whom, advocate it as a means of breaking off the bands of wickedness and setting the oppressed free; while the greater number, promote its operations with the design of shipping off the free colored people only, that the slave system may be rendered 'secure, lucrative, and perpetual.' We there see united, and co-operating in the same measures, a strange co-partnership of virtue and vice; the lovers of freedom and the lovers of oppression; the advocates of justice and the advocates of slavery. Even priests and pirates there meet, and there unite in promoting colonizationism, on principles as diametrically opposed to each other, as are light and darkness—truth and falsehood—freedom and slavery. I would, therefore, respectfully suggest the expediency of forming a Colonization Society in the non slave-holding States, where all might be perfectly agreed in the plan of operation, provided they could in the first place agree upon the subjects of colonization. Now it appears to me, that there is a race of incorrigible sinners among us, who are universally acknowledged to be the greatest nuisance and pest in society; the disturbers of the repose of the country, the destroyers of domestic happiness, the most efficient ministers of him 'who goes about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour;'—and since there is no hope, that they can ever be reclaimed here, there can be no objection to a plan for colonizing them beyond the seas. That the plan is perfectly feasible, cannot for one moment be seriously doubted, when we consider the vast resources of our country, and the immense amount of good to be obtained by the accomplishment of the plan. Let a Colonization Society be formed, adopting precisely the Constitution of the American Colonization Society; only varying the second article, where the class of persons to be operated upon is expressed; so that instead of making it the exclusive object of the society to get rid of a useful class of free citizens, merely on account of their complexion, it should have reference to their character, and should read thus: 'The object to which its attention shall be exclusively directed, shall be to promote a plan, for colonizing (with their consent) the race of cannibals with which our country is so unhappily afflicted; not those who feed on human flesh, but those far more vile and inhuman cannibals, who subsist upon the reputation of those, whose virtues they have neither the inclination or ability to imitate.' This is the class of persons, above all others, against whom the colonization battery should be directed, and upon whom, the fire should be incessantly kept up, until every one is colonized (with their own consent.) To induce all our fellow-citizens to contribute to this righteous scheme, it may be important to send out agents, to represent both the direct and the incidental advantages, that will result from the plan.

To the lovers of scandal, it may be presented as a scheme, for carrying off the more gross calumniators, to afford a better opportunity for themselves to exercise their gift, and become proficients in detraction. To the lovers of trade, it may be presented as a plan for establishing a foreign colony; which will open an extensive market for domestic and foreign goods, and especially, for copious supplies of that liquid poison, which is so essentially useful, for keeping the tongue of slander in working order. Bible, Missionary and Tract Societies, may be invited to co-operate, in removing these enemies of their species to some dark corner of the earth, where having no characters to feed upon, they will be on a perfect equality, and 'instead of looking up to others, will themselves be looked up to,'* in the hope, that they will there be transformed into the best of missionaries, for evangelizing the dark regions around them. By these and similar means, it is evident that every class of our citizens in the non-slaveholding States, may be induced to contribute to this grand enterprize, and the country will thereby be freed from a nuisance, which is now preying upon its vitals, and peace, harmony and love will then abound in the land. I have already a list of about twenty persons, eminently qualified to compose the first cargo of emigrants; who will undoubtedly consent to lead the way in this noble object, in the hope, that their superior qualifications will ensure their elevation to become the rulers of the new empire.

There is one important consideration in favor of this plan over that of the existing Colonization scheme. It is, that there will be no danger of any of the colonists 'dying of starvation;' because they can always feed upon each other. Besides, the non-slaveholding States, having imbibed the colonization mania, will here have full opportunity to indulge the ruling passion, without in any degree contributing to the perpetuity of that iniquitous system, which holds in chains more galling far than iron, one sixth part of the American people.

Regarding the vile calumniator as the greatest enemy of earthly happiness, I think it but reasonable that he should submit to the greatest earthly punishment, and be colonized. It is the complexion of his crimes, and not of his skin, which merits exclusion from the land of his birth; there can be but one opinion in regard to the right of transporting these disturbers of the repose of the world; but I freely grant, that we have no right to send even these, to a more unhealthy climate than our own; I could not contribute to send my bitterest enemy to Liberia. A. B.

*See the letter of Simpson and Moore, on the Colony of Liberia.

Query. If none of the colonists look up to others, who is it looks up to them?

From the Genius of Temperance.

## A NEW SOCIETY PROPOSED.

*Messrs. Editors:*—We often hear the remark that the present is an age of benevolent enterprise; and it is claimed that our country, is behind no other in this characteristic of the times. There are, however, many important objects which have not as yet engaged the attention of the benevolent public so deeply as is desirable—I would call your attention to one. There appears to be a disposition of late to try to elevate the intellectual and moral character, as well as ameliorate the condition of the colored population of our country. The fears which many appear to entertain in relation to this subject, are that the efforts made for the above purpose will be unavailing. But I think there is much more reason to fear that they will be successful. The consequences of the accomplishment of such an object I need not name. The question to be decided now, is—what shall be done to prevent a result so disastrous? We have in this country a number of 'American' societies—but what I am about to propose is, to have an *Anti*-American society formed. Boston has been the birth-place of many of our benevolent societies, as well as the cradle of our national liberty; but Boston, for several reasons, too obvious to be assigned, would not be the most suitable place for the origin of this new association. Circumstances seem to point out New Haven as the grand centre of the parent society, and there can, no doubt, be an auxiliary formed immediately in Canterbury. It is time the friends of this cause were awake. If they are not soon at their posts, the anti-slavery party will gain the day, and then all is lost. He who now calls upon the haters of *blacks* to do their worst, is prouder than ever of his name. P. CRANDALL.

**Sir Francis Burdett is soon to be made a peer of the British realm.**

## SLAVERY RECORD.

[For the Liberator.]

MR. GARRISON:—

The following sketch is not marked with a single tint of exaggeration. It was written by a Virginian, who exposes the crimes of his native State, because he loves her with filial tenderness, and the fervor of a patriot. He disclaims the concealment of her wickedness, when it serves to increase it, and hopes that its publicity may become so general and glaring, that her sons will blush at her disgrace; and, instead of attempting its palliation, will unite all their energes in accomplishing its speedy removal.

### HORRORS OF SLAVERY.

It is difficult to say whether the capability of the mind to accommodate itself to the circumstances by which it is surrounded, is more prejudicial or beneficial in its consequences. It is wonderful with what facility it yields to the passing impulse, and acquires the hue of surrounding objects. Its sensibilities, however exquisite and amiable originally, by the operations of interest and sensuality, and by a familiarity with scenes of cruelty and oppression, may become unfeeling as adamant, and impenetrable as the 'nether milstone.' In no instance is this fact more strongly exemplified, than in the effects produced on the heart, and even on the intellect, by a participation in the modes of thinking, the habits of ease, indolence and luxury, generated by that kind of slavery which exists in the southern section of the United States. During a temporary residence in Richmond, the metropolis of my native State, these reflections have pressed upon my mind with afflictive energy.

Though the horrors of African bondage, from my infancy, have been to me a source of bitter anguish, yet since my visit to this place, they have been exhibited to my view on a more extended scale than I had ever previously witnessed them. Here almost every morning, the crimson auction flag—fit emblem of the purpose it proclaims—announces on its conspicuous label, that the blood and bones of man are to be publicly vended! Here, *half covered with rags and loaded with chains*, human beings are driven together in crowds, and by beings calling themselves human, are 'sold and bought.' Within a few days past, I have beheld in the city of Richmond, Virginia, *hundreds of men, women and children, thus exposed in the open streets*, in the blessed light of Heaven, and *bartered off like brute beasts!*

Draw near with me to that wretched group. Their fate through life has been hard. Great have been their sufferings. But still they have feelings, and their condition may be worse. They know they are to be transferred to other and unknown masters. Their minds are revolving those hideous pictures of Carolina and Georgia cruelty, which have but too truly been delineated unto them. They know their destination is thitherward. But in what particular region, or in what particular employment they may be fixed, they know not. The whole prospect of future life to them is dismal, dark, and frightful. The scenes which have been familiar to them; which, even in their unhappy condition, have been somewhat endeared to them by the associations of early life, of affection, and of habit, forever are removed from their view. And soon the only tie which binds them to life is to be severed. See that convulsive embrace! It is the last expression of love between husband and wife, their last long farewell! O what agony; what heart-burning agony it bespeaks!

They are torn asunder—and that parting look tells the desolation of heart which the severance has wrought. This is but the beginning of misery. The tender mother looses the little pledges of her love. Those streaming tears and visages of grief, are indications of the desolation of whole families, linked in the fondest union of affection. Not only husband and wife, and mother and child, but father and son, brother and sister, all are dragged from each other, never more to meet on earth.

Hark! those groans, and shrieks, and plaints of wo, are the language of wretchedness, distracted love, and wild despair. See the mournful victims of avarice, rallied under the gory banner of their new tyrants; and laden with ponderous fetters, commence their toilsome march to the land wrested from the Cherokees, which they are destined to fertilize with their sweat and their blood. Behind the melancholy groups, are their merciless drivers, armed with whips, bludgeons and pistols, and borne in ferocious pomp. Such are the exhibitions which are almost daily presenting themselves in this land boasting of its liberty, its benevolence, and its *christianity!* Yet so hardened have become the sensibilities of the community in reference to these scenes, that they pass before us without exciting even a murmur of sympathy, either public or private. With our BILL OF RIGHTS upbraiding us with inconsistency, falsehood and despotism; and all the fundamental principles of our republican institutions condemning our daily practices; we still vaunt our devotion to freedom, the philanthropy of our sentiments, and our inextinguishable attachment to the rights of man. Were it not for the human misery connected with it, this would be a most farcical absurdity. Even now, during the session of the Legislature of this State, while questions having relation to the happiness and liberties of its citizens are under consideration; the most wicked, shameful and degrading spectacles of human thraldom are almost perpetually exhibited in the public streets, without appearing to awaken a moment's censure or concern.

In the mean time, the streams of amusement flow on with an unruffled current. The hum and bustle of business are never, for a minute, suspended. The poor colored person's anguish touches no fibre of sensibility except in his own bosom, and in the bosoms of his fellow sufferers. Even the fair delicate female, whose heart should throb in unison with every pulsation of human wo, beholds the indescribable wretchedness and torture with careless unconcern. Her face is the seat of smiles and gaiety, in the presence of all the gloomy array of sorrow, here depicted. She, too, can talk of the *cent per cent.* value of human flesh, with all the cold calculating cupidity which is manifested by 'the Christian broker in the trade of blood!'

Most deplorable,—most alarming condition of society this! The mind which can thus contemplate, unmoved, the degradation and oppression of man, is lost to all the fine feelings which are the substratum of philanthropy, patriotism and the love of liberty. It is prepared to elevate itself into the imperial chariot of despotism, and ride with relentless fury over the neck of millions. *Its professions of republicanism are either base hypocrisy or an egregious delusion!*

To a person unaccustomed to the habits which prevail in a land where slavery is tolerated, they must present a most shocking and repulsive aspect. To such a citizen, what can be more revolting, than the *unfeeling and insulting scrutiny* which is instituted by the dealers in men among the objects of their mercenary traffic? What more disgusting than the *slang* with which they discuss the marketable qualities of *human beings?* What more inflamatory to his indignation, than the frozen indifference with which they witness the unhappiness of their victims?

I have seen these soul-trafficers engaged in their unhallowed work. I have beheld them in sheir *shambles*, bartering the blood of their fellow-citizens! A cannibal ferocity scowled on their shameless visages. The fires of hell glanced from their eyes. The germs of affection, hope and happiness, withered under its flash. It even seemed to burn back on itself with insatiate greediness! My soul shuddered at the cruelty of man. My veins grew chill, and my knees tottered. Methought I felt the earth in convulsions. My eye turned to the heavens, but no avenging lightning came.

The day of retribution is reserved until the measure of the slaveholder's iniquity is full. The punishment of his crimes demands a terrible display of omnipotent ire. The judgment trump must discharge its thunders. Time must expire, and the universe become a conflagration, before his offences against his brethren can receive their merited reward.

How long shall our country be the theatre of such scenes of horror and atrocity! Is the love of liberty, the spirit which animated the immortal sages of our revolution, extinct? How long shall the dark gloom of slavery eclipse the splendid glories with which our hemisphere is illumed? Have we no magnanimous champion of freedom, who will make a solemn vow to crown her with the laurels of triumph, or die under the banner? Here is a cause worthy of Columbia's noblest sons, of her highest genius, and of her sublimest eloquence. Has she no Wilberforce, no Fox, no Sharpe, no Clarkson? If she has, let them come forth and crumble into atoms the shackles of American oppression. Let them proclaim to the world that no human authority can sanctify laws which contravene the first irrefutable axioms of civil, political and religious liberty, that *all men are by nature free and equal*; and that every law in itself is null and void, which is inimical to the holy injunction of the benevolent author of our religion—'*All that you would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*' VIRGINIUS.

I received the above letter from a friend who understands the subject of man-stealing; and if you think his eloquent delineation worthy of publication, you can insert it in the Liberator. NO HUMAN FLESH MERCHANT.

[For the Liberator.]

### HOW SLAVES ARE PROTECTED AT THE SOUTH!

The following facts I have from a gentleman of unquestionable veracity, who resided on the spot and ascertained them from personal observation and inquiry. I give them nearly in his own language.

A slave owner near Woodville, (Mississippi,) whose name I do not now remember, had *whipped to death* FIVE slaves within as many years, and had the hardihood to boast of it in public, threatening to continue the practice so long as he should live. Every one of these cases, as related to me, would have been proved by a northern jury, *murder in the first degree.* The last one I will describe more particularly. The subject of cruelty was a *female*, aged 12 or 14 years. The master, somewhat under the influence of liquor, called the slave to him and charged her with some offence—I think stealing—but, as I was told, without the shadow of evidence. The slave denied the charge—the master proceeded to *whip* her, declaring that he would do so till she would own it. The slave protesting her innocence, at length fainted under the lash. The master used means to restore her, and

soon as she revived, began again to apply the whip till she fainted the second time. Upon reviving the second time, she protested her innocence and begged her master to desist. But the monster continued to *apply the whip!* At length she proposed, if he would desist, to acknowledge the fault—with fiendish malignity, he then declared he would punish her for the fault itself. And accordingly he continued to lay on the *murderous lash* till she fainted—*never to revive!!* The next morning the murderer buried her beside the other *four*, and erected on her grave a *monument of logs!* The *five* graves are plainly to be seen, about 6 miles from Woodville, near the road, indicated by *piles of logs!*

Another man in the same neighborhood, by the name of WOODARD, (whose parents and friends live near Urbanna, Ohio!) whipped a slave to death under similar circumstances. He was not the owner of the slave, but was employed, or at least suffered by the owner to inflict the punishment. The slave fainted again and again, till, too much exhausted to endure longer, he fainted to revive no more!

These two men were indicted, but I was told that, as in all similar cases, there was the mere *form*, without the force of a prosecution. And I was told, upon inquiring the reason, that *the effect of rigor in such cases would be minous to* GOOD DISCIPLINE *among the slaves!!!*

A man by the name of Coon, also in the same neighborhood, took the life of a slave under the following circumstances. The master's child went into the negro's hut and took a stool from the negro's child. The negro restored the stool to his own child and sent his master's home. The child complained of the slave to his father, who in a rage entered the negro's hut, seized the stool and threw it away, and threatened to *whip* the negro for his conduct. The slave justified himself, and, refusing to be whipped, (as he had never been before) fled from his master. After a day or two he returned and promised his master to work faithfully, provided he might not be *whipped*. The master insisted upon giving the threatened *lashes*. The slave then told him that he had heard he had threatened to shoot him, and turning on his heel added, if he did so, he must do it soon. The master seized his *double barreled* gun, and discharged a load of small shot into the negro's thigh, which brought him to the ground. *Then running up near to the wounded man, as he lay on the ground, he drew up his piece deliberately, and taking a deadly aim, discharged a load of large shot into his head, which fractured his skull in a shocking manner and put an end to his existence in a few hours!!!* The master told this story himself! The civil authorities took no notice of the affair, but, as the master was a *very worthy man*, they considered him sufficiently punished in the loss of his best slave, which he valued at $1000!!!

☞ Let Northern apologists for slavery, from the Christian Spectator down to the Boston Recorder, read and ponder! ☜

ELIZUR WRIGHT, JR.

## TRAFFIC IN HUMAN FLESH.

The traffic in 'slaves and *souls of men*' forms the most extensive branch of American commerce!—As specimens of the manner in which these unhappy, guiltless beings are offered for sale, we copy the following advertisements from southern newspapers. Well may abolitionists be excused, in view of this horrible spectacle, if they exhibit great indignation and intense ardor. Blush, republicans! Mourn, christians!

BY HENRY O'HARA.

To-morrow, 28th inst. will be sold, at the north side of the Custom House, at 11 o'clock,

CHLOE, a good Cook, Washer and Ironer, and her Five Children, the eldest, a Boy 14, Eliza 12, Thomas 10, Anny 8, and Mick 5 years old.

BINAH, a good Cook, Washer and Ironer, and her 3 children, Cuffee, a boy 12, Hagar 9, and Binah 6 years old.

PATIENCE, a prime young Mulatto woman 20 years old, a first rate Servant, of warranted character.

BY BEE & CARTER.

On Friday, 29th inst. will be sold, at the north side of the Custom House, at 11 o'clock,

The balance of Negroes unsold, belonging to an assigned Estate, by order of the Assignee.

CONSISTING OF

Six valuable Fellows, Ship Carpenters and Caulkers, among whom are some of the best workmen in the city.

Conditions—Approved endorsed Notes, payable in 60 days, with interest from date, and mortgage of property. Purchasers to pay for papers. †2 Feb. 27.

BY BEE & CARTER.

On Tuesday, 5th March, will be sold, at the north side of the Custom House, at 11 o'clock, belonging to the Estate of Wm. McKinsie Parker, deceased.

A prime and orderly gang of 62 Negroes, accustomed to the culture of Sea Island Cotton, among whom are 29 Workers, 3 half Hands, and 8 Boys and Girls from 10 to 14 years old.

BY THOMAS N. GADSDEN.

To-morrow, 18th inst. will be sold at the north of the Exchange, at 11 o'clock,

THREE VALUABLE NEGROES.

A prime young Wench, about 17 years old, a complete House Servant, and good Seamstress, and a very likely Boy, between 13 and 14 years of age.

N. B. These Negroes are all of warranted characters, and can be treated for at private sale any time before the day of sale.

BY S. PHILBRICK.

A Negro Woman, about 35 years of age, a good plain cook and washer, accustomed to house-work and sewing.

Also, a Negro Fellow and his wife and a child, about 2 years old—good field hands.

BY J. B. HERBERT & CO.

*At Private Sale*—A Negro Woman, 40 years old, a good field hand, and her daughter 9 years old, a house servant.

Also, a Woman, 23 years old—an able house servant or field hand, with her 2 children, both Girls, 3 and 5 years old. Aug. 14.

BY S. PHILBRICK.

*At Private Sale*—A prime Negro Wench, about 16 years of age, of good character.

Also, a Negro Woman, about 35 years of age, a first rate cook, washer and ironer.

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We recommend the following article from the Western Luminary, printed at Lexington, Ky. to the study of the Editor of the Boston Recorder.

## DISGRACEFUL SCENES.

'Our streets have lately exhibited scenes disgraceful, and altogether inconsistent with our character as a civilized and christian community. We allude to the barbarities connected with the merciless traffic in human flesh, which is continually carried on, by beings in human shape, in our midst;—to the heathenish commerce in the blood, and sinews of human beings, which should excite the virtuous indignation and rouse the christian sympathies, of every individual who possesses a single spark of humanity. And for what is this monstrous traffic carried on! For what are the strongest and most endearing ties of nature sundered—parents torn from their offspring—children from the fond embraces of their parents—husbands from their wives—and brothers and sisters forced to bid a final adieu? For *gold—sordid gold*,—for the sake of heaping up that unrighteous mammon, which, thus obtained, 'will eat our souls as doth a canker.' We hold those who thus sell their fellow creatures, to the unfeeling negro trader, equally guilty with him. Nay, they are more guilty. For did they not sell, of course the inhuman traffic could not be carried on. We have not unfrequently heard of the boastings of these men who gain their wealth by thus buying up their fellow-creatures, and driving them to a foreign market, to be sold like cattle, that their droves were partly made up from the plantations, and even the dwellings of *professors of religion!* Alas! alas! that the love of gain should ever steel our hearts to the agonizing sufferings of our fellow creatures, and close their avenues to every generous impulse! Alas! that sin should ever so blind the judgment and harden the heart of any follower of the Redeemer, as to induce him to contribute towards the perpetuation of a traffic so monstrous, that the morality of a heathen might well view it with horror!'

# BOSTON,

## SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1833.

## VERMONT CHRONICLE.

We were charitable enough to believe that the editors of this paper would frankly acknowledge themselves in fault, for having asserted that Abolitionists had not given full credit to the benevolent intentions of northern men in supporting the Colonization Society. But they persist in their assertion that it has been done only 'in corners and in whispers.' Their *quibbling* on this point is truly *despicable*—it is beneath the character of *gentlemen*, much more of *ministers*. In the first place they charge us with not giving credit to northern men for their benevolence; and when this assertion is proved false by ample quotations, they reiterate their charge, because, while we admit their *good intentions*, we say they are *deceived!* From such contemptible shuffling we pray to be delivered.

The editors of the Chronicle are informed that the writer of the paragraph prefixed to the notice 'To Colored Youth' is intimately acquainted with the Rev. Mr Wright, and loves him, too, as a christian and a minister. But he believes, at the same time, that Mr Wright is lending his influence to a Society whose operations tend to oppress the people of color, both bond and free. We have a right to this opinion, and a frank expression of it is consistent with the warmest attachment to him as a man and a christian.

The Chronicle says,—

'We are told that the views of a majority of the members of the Colonization Society are of course the views of the Society. This is false logic. The *views of the Society* are the views expressed in its constitution and other official documents. No other views can, with any propriety, be ascribed to it, unless it has departed in practice from the principles of its constitution.'

Very well; we are willing the merits of the Society should be determined by 'the views expressed in its constitution and other official documents.' If Mr Garrison's 'Thoughts' do not contain sufficient evidence that the principles of the Society are inconsistent with sound philanthropy, then we see not how any position can be maintained.

Again; the Chronicle says,—

'The influence of the Society is so manifest and powerful, that enemies of emancipation are alarmed, and fear and hate the Society.'

'We do not mean to accuse' the Chronicle 'of deliberate lying,' but we say this assertion is *untrue*. The 'enemies of emancipation,' so far from hating the Society, love and patronise it. Some of the officers of the Society are notorious kidnappers, and the mass of slaveholders at the South, who steal every year nearly a hundred-thousand children, are friendly to its operations, because it helps to rid them of the free people of color.

The Chronicle endeavors to convict the Anti-Slavery Society of inconsistency, for saying that the Colonization Society 'is pledged not to oppose the system of slavery,' and, at the same time, that 'it aims at the utter expulsion of the colored people;' but the inconsistency is in the Colonization Society itself, and not in the Abolitionists.

The talk of the Chronicle about 'pecuniary emoluments' is in perfect keeping with its usual dogmatical and insinuating style. Such a play upon words shows that he could find nothing of more importance to lay to our charge.

In conclusion, the editors of the Chronicle say they 'have just begun to expose the obliquities' of the Abolitionists. We suppose this expression is to be regarded as a specimen of the *charity* which they entertain for us, and as such we beg our readers to recollect it.

## THE WAY TO STOP THE SLAVE TRADE.

The Cincinnati Journal says, 'Let the western coast of Africa be covered with intelligent colonists, and they will fix a barrier to the slave traffic, more efficient than all the penal enactments of christendom.' There is another method of putting a stop to the slave trade far preferable to this, because it is more direct and less expensive; and that is, to destroy the market for slaves, by breaking up the system of slavery. And besides, we do not believe that colonies, composed of a class of people who are '*the most corrupt and abandoned of their race*,' will be a very 'efficient' barrier to the slave trade. We should think it more probable that they would eventually become slave markets.

## BEGGING THE QUESTION.

The Cincinnati Journal says of the Colonization Society,—

'If it does not accomplish all that could be wished, it does *something*, and that something well. A man that cannot build a hovel, can burn down a palace. It is easier to denounce existing institutions, than to originate better. When a man has devised some other *feasible* mode of abating the evils of slavery, let it be adopted; but until then, let him not attempt to dam up the only stream which is letting off this ocean of misery.'

The editor of the Journal begs the question in dispute between the Abolitionists and the Colonizationists, and entirely misapprehends the reasons of the former for opposing the Colonization Society. They do not oppose it because it does but a *little good*, but because they believe that its principles and measures are *positively injurious* to the colored people, and at war with the precepts of Christianity. They believe, that while the Society sends away a few slaves, its measures have a direct tendency to perpetuate the system of slavery, and to depress the free people of color. Is the Journal prepared to defend the Society from these charges? If so, let him do it; but let him not represent us as opposing it for the reason which he assigns.

## ANOTHER ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

JAMAICA, (Vt.) April 17, 1833.

MR. EDITOR:—The cause in which you are so deeply engaged is beginning to find many advocates on the Green Mountains of Vermont. It was first publicly introduced in this place, at an evening meeting of our Lyceum, about three months since, where was read a piece delivered at an Academical Exhibition, and published in the last volume of the Liberator.

The reading of this, together with a few appropriate remarks from the individual who read, excited the feelings of the members highly. The friends of the Colonization Society were raised on tiptoe, and asked permission to make this subject the order of the next evening. The next evening it was brought forward by introducing a resolution in favor of the Colonization Society. It was the subject of spirited discussion for five or six evenings, (one evening each week,) at the close of which the resolution was lost, and a majority were decidedly in favor of the immediate abolition of slavery.

On fast day, April 10, a discourse was delivered from Isaiah 58, 6; 'Is not this the fast that I have chosen,' &c. After the close of the exercises, and agreeable to previous notice, we proceeded to organize an Anti-Slavery Society, embracing the same principles as the New-England Anti-Slavery Society.

The following resolutions were unanimously adopted.

*Resolved*, That slavery, as it exists in this country, is repugnant both to the spirit of the gospel and the pure principles of a free government, and has a direct tendency to destroy the interests of morality and religion.

*Resolved*, That justice, humanity and expediency, demand that immediate abolition of slavery should be written in the mind of every christian, patriot, and philanthropist, until the colored people of our country receive the enjoyment of their inalienable rights.

*Resolved*, That we rejoice at the progress of Anti-Slavery principles—it betokens good to the colored man.

*Resolved*, That the Colonization Society, instead of weakening the chains of slavery, has a direct tendency to strengthen them; therefore is unworthy of our support.

P. B. FISK, *President*.

J. HOLTON, *Secretary*.

## GOOD NEWS FROM VERMONT.

ANDOVER, April 2, 1833.

MR. EDITOR:—Having been favored with the perusal of a letter recently received by a friend, who is a member of the Theological Seminary, I, with permission, send the following extract for your disposal. The writer of the letter is a worthy citizen of the town of Cornwall, Vermont.

'The Colonization question has been agitated in our Young Gentlemen's Society * during the winter, and has caused great excitement. We had four meetings upon it of more than four hours each. The Colonization Society was supported by Col. ——— and two students from Middlebury College, and notwithstanding they acquitted themselves with ability, and were assisted by Mr. Pearl, a subagent of the Colonization Society; yet, on a decision of the question, about *three* to *one* voted *against the Colonization Society*. I am very much mistaken if the principles upon which we ground our opposition to the Society can be overthrown by sound reason or good argument. If frowns and sarcasms will put down the opposition, enough of them are not wanting to do it, but these will not long prevail over the good sense of this community. Truth and the immutable principles of right and justice must triumph. Mr. Pearl met with different reception in different towns in this region. At his first lecture in Shoreham he had a respectable number of hearers. But it was remarked by Esq. ———, upon leaving the house, that it was the first 'blackguard scrape' that he ever knew opened and closed by prayer. At his second lecture there, on a *very pleasant evening*, he had *only nineteen* hearers.'

My friend informs me, that he can say from personal knowledge, that few towns, in that part of Vermont, have formerly contributed more liberally to increase the funds and the influence of the Colonization Society than Cornwall. Knowing the candor, intelligence and moral principle, which characterize that people, he is compelled to attribute their change of sentiment to a critical investigation of facts and principles. Z.

* It may be proper to state that this Society is chartered, has a large library, and embraces a great proportion of the influence of the town. Z.

[For the Liberator.]

## CONCERT OF SACRED MUSIC.

The members of the Amateur Society gave their second Concert at the Mission House, Butolph-street, on the 11th inst. The audience was highly respectable, and appeared to appreciate fully the rich treat which was afforded them by the great combination of musical talent and skill belonging to this Society; the whole under the direction of Mr. George Hamlet, leader of the Orchestra, and Mr. Elijah Smith, Vocal Conductor. They all did themselves ample credit in their several performances. It was a rare treat for the lovers of sweet sounds, for they never sang better on any former occasion. Miss Susan Paul, particularly in one or two instances, made an impression which her warmest admirers could hardly have anticipated. Miss Lew, Miss Smith, Mrs. Toliver, Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Stockbridge, and a number of other ladies, did themselves credit; and so also did Mr. Colwell, and Mr. Barbadoes, and Mr. John Earl, a highly celebrated bass singer.

The instrumental music was performed well. Mr. Hamlet should have credit for his style, which is not surpassed by any gentleman that we have seen. He introduced several popular airs. Eveleen's Bower, with variations, lost none of its charms. The Overture, in the second part, was an admirable performance, and was played in fine style by the Orchestra. We were extremely gratified with the performance of Mr. George Howard, on the second Violin. Mr. Holmes, Mr. Deniss, and Mr. Peter Howard, did themselves ample credit on the Clarionett. Mr. John Cutler on the double bass, and Mr. Abel Howard on the Violincello, both acquitted themselves well. We were highly pleased with the performance of Mr. Smith on the Trombone, and Mr. Ames on the French Horn. We were also pleased with the sweet notes of Mr. Aaron Connor on the Flute. He has determined at the solicitation of his friends, to commence the instruction of musical classes. All who wish thoroughly to understand the principles of the science, are recommended to patronize him.

I am happy to be informed, that Mr. Connor intends giving a Concert on Tuesday evening, at the Baptist Meeting-house, Belknap-street. I hope he will have a full house. T. C.

## FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC ITEMS.

*Canada.*—The Montreal papers inform us that a few days since, the wrecks of several rafts were seen pouring down with the current opposite the city. Many boats went out to rescue any who might be on them, and endeavor to arrest their further progress. They were from the Chateaupuay river, and in the storm of Thursday night were broken up, and several lives were lost.

*English Temperance Societies.*—At a meeting of the friends of temperance societies held in London, on the first Tuesday of March ultimo, the report stated that there were 250 associations in England, comprehending 47,000 members; 380 in Scotland, 55,000 members; and 29,000 members in Ireland.

Morgan A. Heard, who made an assault upon Mr. Arnold, a member of Congress from Tennessee, in June last, and who has ever since been confined in the Jail of Washington City, was brought into Court on the 17th and discharged, on his own cognizance in the sum of $500. He is considered insane, and was not put upon trial.

*Stage Accident.*—The Portland Advertiser mentions that the accommodation stage between Brunswick and Augusta, with seven passengers, was capsized on Friday, in descending a hill near Bowdoinham, and three of the passengers considerably injured. The carriage was much shattered.

The American Bible Society, with a liberality honorable to its name, has lately resolved at their meeting in New-York, April 4, to appropriate during the ensuing year $5000 for the distribution of the Scriptures in Burmah,—$5000 towards the same object in the Sandwich Islands,—$3000 for the same object in China,—$3000 for Bombay,—$2000 for the Island of Ceylon,—2000 for the different denominations of christians in the Mediterranean,—and $10,000 for the purpose of aiding in the supply of the sacred Scriptures in our own language, and of the translation of the same, or parts thereof, into the language of the Indian tribes, in and adjacent to the United States, through the agency of the different religious denominations, engaged in their civilization and conversion.

SINGULAR PRESENTMENT. A Grand Jury of one of the counties of Georgia have presented Hon. John Forsyth, Senator from that State, for political misdemeanor, for voting in Congress, in favor of the Enforcement Bill. The worthies conclude their presentment thus modestly: 'We respectfully ask John Forsyth to resign his seat in the Senate, that Georgia may send those there who will not misrepresent her political views and desires, but will maintain her sovereignty and dignity.'

From the Huntsville (Ala.) Advocate we learn, that all restrictions to the introduction of slaves into that State were removed by the last Legislature.

Cobbett, in his speech on the Address to the King, said that not above forty families held all the Church property of Ireland, and asked whether it was the interest of English gentlemen to have their estates mulcted to the extent of two millions, to maintain an army of soldiers, to compel the payment of tithes to forty families. He said he was for totally and entirely abrogating and laying prostrate the Protestant hierarchy in Ireland—and this was what he considered necessary to the happiness and safety of that country.

FROM HAVANA. Capt Pearson, who arrived last evening from Havana, states that when he left (the 5th inst.) the Cholera had not abated in malignity; the deaths from it averaging from 500 to 600 daily.

FRESHET IN FLORIDA. The Tombigbee river lately rose to an unparalleled height—60 or 70 feet. The plantations were overflown and the people resorted to the roofs of their houses to get out of the way of the water.

THE OLD SOLDIER. Andrew Wallace, of this State, was a passenger on his return from Washington, on Friday last, in the steamboat from Baltimore to this city—Mr Ex-President Adams was also a passenger. 'Mr Wallace,' said a gentleman, 'shall I introduce you to Mr Adams, the Ex-President?' Mr Wallace looked up briskly, 'Has he ever *fit* a battle?' asked the veteran. 'I believe not,' was the reply. 'Then I don't go his acquaintance,'—*Pennsylvanian.*

Mr Wirt, the late Attorney General of the United States, has purchased a large tract of land in Florida, for the purpose of cultivating the sugar cane. Instead of employing slaves, as is usual for such labor, he has made an arrangement with several hundred German emigrants, who go on to Mr Wirt's estate under the charge of Lieutenant Goldsborough. This may be considered a good beginning, and may in time be the means of substituting free white labor where slaves only have hitherto been employed.

John Brown Francis has been chosen Governor of Rhode Island by a handsome majority.

The town of Portsmouth, N. H. has appropriated $6500 to purchase a farm on which to erect an Almshouse, and $12,000 to defray the expense of erecting the necessary buildings. The appropriation for the support of the poor in 1833 is $4200.

MOUNT AUBURN. The Trustees of the Cemetery at Mount Auburn have prohibited the admission of carriages and horses to the grounds, after the present month. There are some objections to this arrangement, as the paths and avenues are so extensive, and some of the lands so elevated, that many persons, the aged or infirm, will be prevented from visiting them, on account of the fatigue to which they will be exposed.

## MISS CRANDALL'S SCHOOL.

☞ We have received, from an authentic source, the heart-cheering information, that Miss Crandall has commenced her school, and is resolved to persevere against all opposition. Those who intend to send their daughters to her for instruction, should do so without delay. They may rely upon it, that the school will be continued. We trust that our colored friends will stay up her hands by affording her a large number of pupils, and that the school will live until its heathenish opposers repent of their barbarity.

*List of Letters received at the office of the Liberator, since our last paper was issued.*

P. A. Bell, New-York city; Rev. George Bourne, do.; Frederick Lathrop, Providence, R. I.; Henry E. Benson, do.; J. Holton, Jamaica, Vt.; John Switzer, Union Bridge, Md.; Seth Pinkham, Nantucket, Mass.; Rev. Benjamin Paul, Wilberforce, U. C.; Rev. Chester Wright, Montpelier, Vt.; ——— Bryan, U. C.; S. Davis, Thompson, Ct.; Israel Lewis, Albany, N. Y.; Moses Hadley, Waterville, Me.; Samuel T. Shannon, Me.

## NOTICE.

The MASSACHUSETTS GENERAL COLORED ASSOCIATION, will hold their Meeting on Tuesday evening, 30th inst. at 8 o'clock, at the School house in Belknap-street, for the choice of officers and such other business on may be thought expedient.

THOMAS DALTON, *President*.

JAMES G. BARBADOES, *Secretary*.

Boston, April 27, 1833.

An ADDRESS will be delivered at the Rev. Mr. Reid's meeting house, in Reading, on SUNDAY EVENING, the 12th of May next, at 7 o'clock, by Mr. AMASA WALKER, of Boston, at the request of the Anti-Slavery Society of the former place.

MARRIED, In New-York city, on Wednesday evening, 17th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Venella, Mr Charles Rogers to Miss Susannah Revey, both of N. Y.


## HOUSE LOTS FOR SALE.

FOUR House Lots, pleasantly situated in the City of Providence, R. I.; fronting northerly on Jail lane or Meeting-street—between Prospect and Hope streets. Two of them measuring sixty feet on said Meeting-street—one fifty-eight feet, and one fifty feet—extending back about ninety-eight feet.—Also a House Lot on Martin-street, in said Providence—fifty feet front by one hundred and thirty back—with a two story dwelling house thereon standing. Any or the whole of the above described property will be sold on favorable terms. GEORGE McCARTY.

*Providence, April* 20, 1833.

# JOHN B. PERO,

**NOS. 2 & 3,**

(*Rear of Dock Square, near the City Tavern*)

HAS on hand the following articles, which he offers to sell (*wholesale or retail*) as cheap as can be bought elsewhere, viz:—

Double distilled Lavender,
do. Extra Cologne,
Florida Water,
Honey Water,
Bear's Oil,
Antique do.,
Cocoa Nut do.,
Ward's Vegetable do.,
Milk of Roses,
Otto of Rose,
Powder Puffs,
Superior French Hair Powder,
Pomatum,
Hair Brushes,
Shaving do.,
Clothes do.,
Shoe do.,
Toothe do.,
Shaving Boxes,
Snuff do.,
Wade and Butcher's Razors,
Rodgers and Son do.,
Elliot's Silver Steel do.,
Scissors & Carling Tongs,
English Dressing Combs,
Pocket do.,
Fine Ivory do.
Emerson's Razor Strops,
Pomroy's do. do.,
Ritner's do. do.,
Calf-skin Pocket Books & Wallets,
Stocks, Cravats & Stiffners,
Gloves and Suspenders,
Linen Collars & Bosoms,
Superior Dutch Hones,
Warren's Blacking.
Day and Martin's do.,
Bell's Paste do.,
Silver Pencil Cases,
Toothe Powder,
Magnifying Glasses,
Top Pieces & Curls,
Hair Pins, &c. &c.

April 27, 1833.


## SACRED CONCERT.

The Citizens of Boston and its vicinity are most respectfully informed that a Concert will be given of vocal and instrumental music by the Baptist Singing Society, under the immediate direction of A. J. Connor, on Tuesday evening, April 30th, 1833, at the Baptist Church in Belknap-street.

ORDER OF THE CONCERT.—*Part 1st.*

Overture to the Marriage of Figaro (Full Orchestra.)
*Introduction*—Old Hundred.
*Chorus*—O Give Thanks.
*Trio*—Messrs Connor, Smith and Haily. Autumn.
*Chorus*—O Come let as sing unto the Lord.
*Solo*—To Jesus, the crown of my hope—Shaw. Mrs Hilton.
*Chorus*—Come, ye Disconsolate.
*Duet*—The barren Fig Tree. Mrs Morrell and Connor.
*Chorus*—Easter Anthem.

*Part 2d.*

Grand Symphony, (Full Orchestra) Rosini.
*Chorus*—Sons of Zion come before Him.
*Solo*—Polar Star. Conner.
*Chorus*—Dismission.
*Solo*—O had I Jubal's lyre. Mrs Morrell.
*Solo and Chorus*—*Solo*—The marvellous works. Mrs Hilton.
*Duet*—Praise ye the Lord. Mrs Morrell and Miss Jackson.
*Finale*—Prayer for the Commonwealth.

☞ Concert to commence at half past 7 o'clock. Tickets 25 cts—to be had at Mr Putnam's, Broomfield street, at Mr Peter Howard's, Cambridge street, and at the door on the evening of the Concert. Instrumental Performers. Violins—A. Conner and G. Howard; Violincello—A. Howard; Double Bass—P. A. Vonhagen; Clarionetts—A. Dennis and P. Howard; Horn—E. Smith. A. J. Connor—*Leader*.

## LITERARY.

[From the North American Review.]

### STANZAS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE SPANISH.

O let the soul her slumbers break,
Let thought be quickened and awake—
Awake to see
How soon this life is passed and gone,
And death comes softly stealing on,
How silently!

Swiftly our pleasures glide away,
Our hearts recall the distant day
With many sighs:
The moments that are speeding fast
We heed not—but the past—the past
More highly prize.

Our lives are rivers gliding free,
To that unfathomed, boundless sea,
The silent grave.
Thither all earthly pomp and boast
Roll, to be swallowed up and lost
In that dark wave.

Thither the mighty torrents stray,
Thither the brook pursues its way,
And tinkling rill—
There all are equal—side by side,
The poor man and the sons of pride
Lie calm and still.

This world is but the rugged road,
Which leads us to the bright abode
Of peace above:
So let us choose the narrow way,
Which leads no traveller's foot away
From realms of love.

Our birth is but the starting place,
Our life the running of the race—
We reach the goal,
When in the mansions of the blest,
Death leaves to its eternal rest
The weary soul.

Behold, of what delusive worth
The bubbles we pursue on earth—
The shades we chase;
Amid a world of treachery—
They banish e'er death shuts the eye
And leave no trace.

Time steals them from us; chances strange
Disastrous accident and change
That comes to all:
Even in the most exalted state,
Relentless sweeps the stroke of fate—
The strongest fall.

Tell me—the charms that lovers seek
In the clear eye and blushing cheek,
The hues that play
O'er rosy lip and brow of snow:
When hoary age approaches slow,
Ah!—where are they?

The cunning skill, the curious arts,
The glorious strength that youth imparts,
In life's first stage—
These shall become a heavy weight,
When Time swings wide his outward gate
To weary age!

Where are the high born dames—and where
Their gay attire and jewelled hair,
And odors sweet?
Where are the gentle knights that came
To kneel, and breathe their ardent flame
Low at their feet?

Where is the song of Troubadour,
Where are the lute and gay tambour
They loved of yore?
Where is the mazy dance of old,
The flowing robes inwrought with gold,
The dancers wore?

So many a duke of royal name,
Marquis and Count of spotless fame,
And Baron brave,
That might the sword of empire wield
All these, O death, hast thou concealed
In thy dark grave!

Their deeds of mercy and of arms,
In peaceful days, or war's alarms,
When thou dost show,
O death, thy stern and cruel face,
One stroke of thy all powerful mace,
Can overthrow.

Unnumbered hosts, that threaten high,
Pennon and standard flowing high,
And flag displayed—
High battlements, entrenched around,
Bastion, and moated wall, and mound,
And pallissade,

And covered trench, secure and deep—
All these cannot one victim keep,
O death, from thee,
When thou dost battle in thy wrath,
And thy strong shafts pursue their path
Unerringly.

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[From the Sabbath School Visiter.]

### VERSIFICATION OF A RECENT ANECDOTE.

A TAWNY slave whom grace had changed,
Was asked, with scornful voice,
'In what religion did consist,
And why he should rejoice?'

'*Massa*,'—he cried with simple tone,
'In my poor way I 'll tell,
'T is only *ceasing to do wrong*,
And *learning to do well*.*

'And when poor black man feels his heart
Filled with the love of GOD,
He can rejoice,—give thanks, and sing,†
Though smarting with the rod.

* Isaiah, i. 16, 17. † Acts, XVI. 25.

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### LOVE.

IMITATED FROM THE PERSIAN.

When love, sincere, the bosom knows,
Fain would the tongue the thought impart;
The ready speech no longer flows,
Checked is the current by the heart.

That breast pure passion never knew,
Whose secrets language could unfold;
Nor was that heart to love e'er true
Which left not half its tale untold.

Love is a spark of heavenly fire—
From love we taste of heavenly bliss;
How, then, can human words aspire
Of love the feelings to express?

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### A COMPARISON.

A heart is like a fan—and why?
'T will flutter when a beau is nigh;
Oft times with gentle speech he 'll take it,
Play with it for a while, and *break it!*

## MISCELLANEOUS.

### AN ADDRESS,

*Delivered at the African Masonic Hall in Boston, Feb. 27, 1833.*

BY MRS MARIA W. STEWART.

African rights and liberty is a subject that ought to fire the breast of every free man of color in these United States, and excite in his bosom a lively, deep, decided and heart-felt interest. When I cast my eyes on the long list of illustrious names that are enrolled on the bright annals of fame amongst the whites, I turn my eyes within, and ask my thoughts, 'Where are the names of *our* illustrious ones?' It must certainly have been for the want of energy on the part of the free people of color that they have been long willing to bear the yoke of oppression. It must have been the want of ambition and force that has given the whites occasion to say, that our natural abilities are not as good, and our capacities by nature inferior to theirs. They boldly assert, that, did we possess a natural independence of soul, and feel a love for liberty within our breasts, some one of our sable race, long before this, would have testified it, notwithstanding the disadvantages under which we labor. We have made ourselves appear altogether unqualified to speak in our own defence, and are therefore looked upon as objects of pity and commiseration. We have been imposed upon, insulted and derided on every side; and now, if we complain, it is considered as the height of impertinence. We have suffered ourselves to be considered as dastards, cowards, mean, faint-hearted wretches; and on this account, (not because of our complexion,) many despise us and would gladly spurn us from their presence.

These things have fired my soul with a holy indignation, and compelled me thus to come forward, and endeavor to turn their attention to knowledge and improvement; for knowledge is power. I would ask, is it blindness of mind, or stupidity of soul, or the want of education, that has caused our men who are 60 or 70 years of age, never to let their voices be heard nor their hands be raised in behalf of their color? Or has it been for the fear of offending the whites? If it has, O ye fearful ones, throw off your fearfulness, and come forth in the name of the Lord, and in the strength of the God of Justice, and make yourselves useful and active nembers in society; for they admire a noble and patriotic spirit in others—and should they not admire it in us? If you are men, convince them that you possess the spirit of men; and as your day, so shall your strength be. Have the sons of Africa no souls? feel they no ambitious desires? shall the chains of ignorance forever confine them? shall the insipid appellation of 'clever negroes,' or 'good creatures,' any longer content them? Where can we find amongst ourselves the man of science, or a philosopher, or an able statesman, or a counsellor at law? Show me our fearless and brave, our noble and gallant ones. Where are our lecturers on natural history, and our critics in useful knowledge? There may be a few such men amongst us, but they are rare. It is true, our fathers bled and died in the revolutionary war, and others fought bravely under the command of Jackson, in defence of liberty. But where is the man that has distinguished himself in these modern days by acting wholly in the defence of African rights and liberty? There was one—although he sleeps, his memory lives.

I am sensible that there are many highly intelligent gentlemen of color in these United States, in the force of whose arguments, doubtless, I should discover my inferiority; but if they are blest with wit and talent, friends and fortune, why have they not made themselves men of eminence, by striving to take all the reproach that is cast upon the people of color, and in endeavoring to alleviate the woes of their brethren in bondage? Talk, without effort, is nothing; you are abundantly capable, gentlemen, of making yourselves men of distinction; and this gross neglect, on your part, causes my blood to boil within me. Here is the grand cause which hinders the rise and progress of the people of color. It is their want of laudable ambition and requisite courage.

Individuals have been distinguished according to their genius and talents, ever since the first formation of man, and will continue to be whilst the world stands. The different grades rise to honor and respectability as their merits may deserve. History informs us that we sprung from one of the most learned nations of the whole earth—from the seat, if not the parent of science; yes, poor, despised Africa was once the resort of sages and legislators of other nations, was esteemed the school for learning, and the most illustrious men in Greece flocked thither for instruction. But it was our gross sins and abominations that provoked the Almighty to frown thus heavily upon us, and give our glory unto others. Sin and prodigality have caused the downfall of nations, kings and emperors; and were it not that God in wrath remembers mercy, we might indeed despair; but a promise is left us; 'Ethiopia shall again stretch forth her hands unto God.'

But it is of no use for us to boast that we sprung from this learned and enlightened nation, for this day a thick mist of moral gloom hangs over millions of our race. Our condition as a people has been low for hundreds of years, and it will continue to be so, unless, by true piety and virtue we strive, to regain that which we have lost. White Americans, by their prudence, economy and exertions, have sprung up and become one of the most flourishing nations in the world, distinguished for their knowledge of the arts and sciences, for their polite literature. Whilst our minds are vacant and starving for want of knowledge, theirs are filled to overflowing. Most of our color have been taught to stand in fear of the white man from their earliest infancy, to work as soon as they could walk, and call 'master' before they scarce could lisp the name of *mother*. Continual fear and laborious servitude have in some degree lessened in us that natural force and energy which belong to man; or else, in defiance of opposition, our men, before this would have nobly and boldly contended for their rights. But give the man of color an equal opportunity with the white, from the cradle to manhood, and from manhood to the grave, and you would discover the dignified statesman, the man of science, and the philosopher. But there is no such opportunity for the sons of Africa, and I fear that our powerful ones are fully determined that there never shall be. Forbid, ye Powers on High, that it should any longer be said that our men possess no force. O ye sons of Africa, when will your voices be heard in our legislative halls, in defiance of your enemies, contending for equal rights and liberty? How can you, when you reflect from what you have fallen, refrain from crying mightily unto God, to turn away from us the fierceness of his anger, and remember our transgressions against us no more forever. But a God of infinite purity will not regard the prayers of those who hold religion in one hand, and prejudice, sin and pollution in the other; he will not regard the prayers of self-righteousness and hypocrisy. Is it possible, I exclaim, that for the want of knowledge, we have labored for hundreds of years to support others, and been content to receive what they chose to give us in return? Cast your eyes about—look as far as you can see—all, all is owned by the lordly white, except here and there a lowly dwelling which the man of color, midst deprivations, fraud and opposition, has been scarce able to procure. Like king Solomon, who put neither nail nor hammer to the temple, yet received the praise; so also have the white Americans gained themselves a name, like the names of the great men that are in the earth, whilst in reality we have been their principal foundation and support. We have pursued the shadow, they have obtained the substance; we have performed the labor, they have received the profits; we have planted the vines, they have eaten the fruits of them.

*(To be concluded.)*

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*Matrimonial Economy*—On a certain day, during the late *snow*, a candidate for hymenial preferment, accompained by his 'intended,' in a sled loaded with marketing, drove up to a public house in the neighborhood of this borough. The 'couple' alighted, and were ushered into a sitting room, where they partook of a little refreshment in the shape of a small glass of gin and sugar. This done, the head of the future family left his fair charge to her own meditations for a season, while he proceeded to town, to dispose of the marketing. Having succeeding in this, he returned, and after placing his horses to their oats, an abundance of which he had very providently brought along with him, he and his lady-love, walked out in search of a minister of justice, whom having found, they were speedily united in the bonds of wedlock. In a few minutes more they were again seated in their sled, and on their way homeward, with pleasure beaming on their faces, and the proceeds of the marketing in their pockets, and as truly haypy, we doubt not, as though the eventful ceromony had been attended with all the expense, profusion, bustle and loss of time, usual on such occasions. —*Blairsville Record.*

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*Walled up Alive.*—Apparatus has lately been constructed in Brampton church for the purpose of warming it with hot air; and, as is customary, in order to guard against accidents by fire, a wall was built around the furnance. The man employed in the structure, which is formed of bricks and Roman cement, continued steadily at his work by the light of a candle until it was completed. And it was not till he inserted the last brick, and was perfectly 'built in,' as ever an unhappy martyr in the days of persecutions, that he discovered his error, and remembered that he was working within the circle instead of out. His first impulse was to pull out the last few bricks, and thus make himself a place of exit; but it was now too late, the cement had already hardened, and defied all his efforts to undo what he had once done. In this dilemma, he had remained for a considerable time, calling in vain for help. His pitiable situation was at length discovered by one of the church wardens and the sexton, who, after considerable difficulty, succeeded in extricating him from his imprisonment.—*English paper.*

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*Loss of the Treasury Office.*—No one whatever, scarcely, doubts that it was premiditatedly burnt—and it is well understood, now, that a vast mass of the public books and documents were consumed in it; involving millions upon millions of public money, and for which the country stands destitute of a single voucher. The consequence is, that numerous and heavy claims will be raised against the government; at least such is the probability, and very natural consequence. And if it should result, as it is said that a very great portion of the revolutionary papers are consumed, the pension fund will be so diminished as to eat up all the surplus money arising from the Tariff. A court of inquisition, was held all last week, by order of the President, at which Judge Cranch presided. Associated with him on the bench were the Heads of Departments principally. They sent for witnesses, and examined them upon oath. The result is, that a clear suspicion attaches to some of them; so much so, that the court called upon men attached to the office, to promulgate their Bank transactions; which demand being, at once, very properly rejected, one individual of them at least, has had his pay arrested from him by order of the President. These are strange times, and many, very many most extraordinary things are daily transpiring. I own, indeed, that they are, most of them, without analogy, and certainly unprecedented.—*Alexandria (D. C.) Gazette.*

An inquisition has been holding for a week past relative to the fire. The conclusion has been arrived at by the Executive, that the fire proceeded from *design*. This has been the general opinion from the beginning. No general report of the inquisition has as yet been made. Nor is it known who is to be made the scape-goat. Rumors are afloat, and we leave them so.—*Washington Telegraph.*

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The London Medical and Surgical Journal gives an account of the birth of two female children at Exeter, united by a cartilage in the same manner as the Siamese twins. They are to be exhibited in London, and have been visited by Sir Astley Cooper and other medical gentlemen.

### AFRICAN EMANCIPATION.

It must be gratifying to every philanthropic American, to learn that there is a prospect of an almost immediate emancipation of all the slaves belonging to subjects of the British government. By a reference to the Foreign news which we publish in this paper, it will be seen that that measure is likely to be one of the first fruits of the Reform which the progress of public sentiment has effected in that government.

We have been in the habit in this country, of casting the reproach of slavery among us, upon our British ancestors; and very few have so far discriminated between the guilt of *originating* and the guilt of *tolerating* it, as to divide the obloquy between those who are truly guilty. The measure now in prospect, will effectually wipe the stain from the British government. But what will be its effect upon our own? Why, it will render out guilt visible to every willing and unwilling eye. It will effectually remove the specious pretence that we are the unwilling victims of an evil that has been entailed upon us. It will expose in its naked deformity, our guilt in the patient *sufferance* of so great an evil—so deep a stain upon our honor. And it is to be hoped that it will produce a state of feeling in our country, that will not be allayed until slavery's last chain shall be broken, and every captive be permitted to breathe the air of freedom, in a land of pure and universal liberty. Justice, humanity, national honor and policy, all plead for it, with a force of argument which no cry of *policy* or *expediency*, and no alarm of *consequences*, can destroy.

It *will* produce that result. The public mind is now ripening for a calm discussion of the subject. Let the example be set us by a foreign nation—let the sore evil of slavery be cured in the neighboring islands of the western archipelago, and the contagion will spread over our country, with a rapidity which cannot be arrested. We shall rejoice to see the shackles fall from the hands of those who are so fortunate as to be found in the dominions of the British monarch: but much more shall we hail it as the harbinger of hope to that more unfortunate race, who inhabit this boasted land of *freedom.—Ohio paper.*

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A man sent a lazy boy into the swamp one morning to split rails. After lounging in idleness all day, he returned home, when the following dialogue ensued: 'Well, Sam,' said the old gentleman, 'how many rails have you split to-day?' 'I-do-no-zackly,' said Sam, 'but I guess as how if I'd split *three more* besides the *two* I worked on, I should have had *five!—Transcript.*

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*Natural Curiosity.*—Two of the greatest curiosities in the world, are yet scarcely known to geographers and naturalists. The Tuccoa Falls, South Carolina, are much higher than the Falls of Niagara. The column of water is propelled beautifully over a perpendicular rock, and when the stream is full it passes over without being broken, and with all the prismatic effect seen at the Niagara. The Table Mountain in Pendleton district, S. C. is a precipice of 900 feet. It is now occasionally visited by curious travellers, and sometimes by men of science.

*A Noble Leap.*—On Friday last, says the Easton Pa. Sentinel of Saturday last, a horse belonging to Mr Deemer, of Williams-township, becoming frightened at something in the yard of the Lamb Inn, in this borough, after clearing himself of the wagon to which he was attached, ran for the street. There are two passages from the yard, and a deep cellar was 'being dug' across these. The animal in his fright ran to the brink of the cellar, and although the chasm was twenty feet across, he cleared it at one bound, without injury!

## MORAL.

### A DEATH-BED SCENE.

——'You are very ill,' said a pious lady to the youthful Mary T., 'you are very ill, my dear, and it is uncertain how sickness may terminate; shall we send for Brother S. to pray for you?' I watched the countenance of the sick girl. Her full blue eyes, brightened by fever, expressed intensity of thought, and the anxious solicitude of one who was weighing the interests of two worlds. Then, as if a sudden conviction of truth had flashed on her mind, she earnestly replied, oh yes, send for Mr. S., send now. I then withdrew to prepare for my intended departure from the place, but felt impelled to take a farewell view of one, so evidently on the borders of the 'spirit land.' As I approached her chamber, the voice of prayer stole on my ear. I drew near the half closed door, and through its aperture beheld the expression of an all absorbing interest in the countenance of the patient, as she united with the minister in his supplication to God, and I was pleased to hear her say, 'Lord if it be thy will, take me from the snares and temptations of this evil world.' When the prayer closed I was about entering the room, but the thought of my gay appearance withheld my steps. No, said I mentally, as I threw off my hat decked with a profusion of flowers, I will not insult the distress of the poor sufferer with my foolish finery. As I presented myself to her view, she cast on me that searching glance so peculiar to the dying, when, as it would seem, the soul already begins to enlarge its capacities. Although her mind had been aroused to the momentous considerations of eternity, the good work of grace thus late begun, was yet to manifest the power of that principle by which the soul can triumph amidst the wreck of nature, and the desolation of death. Hope of recovery still lingered in Mary's heart: she still fondly clung to earth's alluring scenes. Around her were her weeping companions, young and lovely like herself, and near her, knelt her widowed mother, who in the bitterness of her soul, with lamentation and prayer, besought God to spare her daughter, her only daughter, promising that all her future life should be devoted to his service.

I left the scene with an aching heart. Mary lived two days longer, and, as I was informed by one who was with her during her last hours, she was favored to hope in the pardoning love of the Saviour, on whom believing, she could rejoice with joy unspeakable, and full of glory. Though naturally timid and reserved, she could now exhort with holy confidence all who approached her. Among those of the family whose presence she had desired, was one worthy and beloved, whose heart deprecated the event which was thus suddenly to blight his fondest hopes. But Mary had chosen the good part; higher joys and nobler objects than those of earth now engrossed her thoughts, and she addressed to each the language of truth, with the earnestness of entreaty. 'Oh, my dear friends,' she said, 'now while blest with health, prepare for the exigencies of sickness and death, prepare, O prepare to meet your God.' 'One short week ago, she continued, my prospect of long life and earthly bliss was as sanguine and well founded as yours; you see me now brought to the verge of the grave; death is very, very near, but I fear it not, I can trust in the atoning sacrifice of Christ, I have the evidence of pardon and acceptance through faith in his merits and a hope of everlasting happiness.' And then, as if in extatic vision she exclaimed, 'Oh now I see a bright convoy of angels with Jesus at their head,-they are on their way, they come to take me home to glory. Come Lord Jesus, come quickly; I go, farewell, dear friends, farewell.' And with the utterance of the last word, the emancipated spirit fled, and left the spectators still listening, lost in wonder and sacred awe, as if they too beheld that glorious company. The event of Mary's death, was blest to many hearts, and that mother whom I saw despairing and distracted by her dying daughter, had soon reason to rejoice in the afflicting dispensation which brought salvation to her house.—*Christian Index.*

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### TEACHING CHILDREN.

A mother stood beside the rocky bed of what had been a small rivulet. Her little son held her hand, and was silently watching the numerous vessels moving lightly over the waters of the bay. Mother, said the child, when brother and I walked here last, this was a pretty little river, and brother said where it tumbled down the stones here, it was a cascade. Where is it now mother? Where is your brother, my child? In Heaven, mother. Yes, love, your brother has gone to be like the angels in Heaven, and the brook will, perhaps, be a rainbow in the sky. I know the part of brother, that used to *think*, and be good, would never die, and must be in heaven now. But how could the brook rise, mother? You remember the other day after the shower, when the sun was bright and warm, all the fences and the ground appeared to smoke. I told you then, it was the water evaporating or becoming thin and light, so it could rise in the air, to make the clouds that move so prettily in the sky. So it was with the little brook. The heat of the bright summer sun caused the drops of water to separate into particles too small to be seen, and they rose up in the air, till the little stream was all dried up. But unlike your brother, who will be forever becoming wiser and happier in heaven, beyond these storms and showers, the waters of the little brook will become a cloud, and again fall to the earth in a shower of rain, when you will again behold the little brook leaping over the stones and forming the pretty cascade your brother admired so much. How very strange it is, mother! Perhaps the brook helped to water the pretty flower that brother planted. Perhaps it did my child. It has helped to keep the air pure, to nourish the plants, and to make the light clouds that you and your brother loved to watch and see their fanciful shapes. My child, you ask me many questions about the soul of your brother. How we can be *sure* that the God, who made the spirit, will permit it to live after the body has died. As you become more acquainted with the love and goodness of God, you will understand why we have reason to believe this. You at first could hardly believe that the worm you saw suspended from the window, and changing to a chrysalis, would ever burst the shell and appear a beautiful butterfly. But you saw the gay little insect when it left the shell. It had not *all died*, but was *changed*. Now do you not think, my dear, that he who thus kindly preserves, what appears to us a useless worm, will also preserve alive in another world the spirit of your little brother, that used to be so active, happy, and good? And if the little brook was not destroyed but only changed, will our Eather above be less kind to a good and thoughtful child?

No, mother, no; I love to hear you talk of God. For the more I learn of him the more I feel, that brother was happy to go so soon to live with him.

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*Dreadful Effects of Intemperance.*—A man, the father of a large family, was placed yesterday evening in the Pennsylvania Hospital, in a desperate siate of *mania a potu*, with his throat widely gashed, and his garments deluged with blood. He had indulged in his usual habits of drink on Saturday, and on Sunday, while lying on the bed, with his wife and children about the room, procured a razor, near at hand, and attempted, in despite of all the preventive efforts of his relations, to take his own life. He had almost succeeded in his design, when the screams of his family brought some persons to their assistance. The scene presented at this juncture was beyond description. The blood had stained the bed, and those who had attempted to stay the suicidal purpose of the madman; the wife was in a state of terror and exhaustion, and the whole household convulsed with anguish and alarm. The man was immediately removed to the Hospital, where every attention required by his dreadful situation was imparted to him. We learn, however, that very faint hopes are entertained of his recovery.—*Philadelphia Gaz.*

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BISHOP BUTLER DYING. The following anecdote is related of the last moments of Bishop Butler, the learned author of the 'analogy.'

A few days previous to his death, when he was sitting alone with his chaplain, he thus addressed him:—'Perhaps what I am about to say may surprise you; but after all I have written,—after having viewed death calmly at a distance,—yet upon its near approach I am afraid to die.' 'My Lord,' observed the chaplain, 'you forget that Jesus Christ is a Saviour.' 'Yes,' rejoined the Bishop, 'but how do I know that he is a Saviour for me?' 'It is his own gracious declaration,' continued the chaplain, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Stop!' exclaimed the Bishop, 'I have read that passage a thousand and a thousand times, but I never felt its value till this moment! Stop there, for now I die happy.'